The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suff. I ſir, but theſe rags are no part of the Duke, *Ioue* ſometime went diſguiſde, and why not I?

Cap. I, but *Ioue* was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be.

Suff. Baſe Iady groome, King *Henr.es* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Cannot be ſhed by ſuch a lowly ſwaine,
I am ſent ambaſſador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waſſe me croſſe the channell ſafe.

Cap. Ile waſſe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates ſide, chop off his head.

Suff. Thou dar'ſt not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes *Pole.*

Suffolke. Pole.

Cap. I *Pole*, puddle, kennell, ſinke and durt,
Ile ſtop that yawning mouth of thine,
Thoſe lips of thine that ſo oft haue kiſt the
Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground, and thou that
Smild'ſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorſe in me.

Cap. I but my deeds ſhall ſtay thy fury ſoone.

Suffolke. Haſt not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Haſt not thou kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,
and thought thee happy when I ſmilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then ſhall I charme thee, hold thy lauiſh tongue.

Cap. Away with him *Water*, I ſay, and off with his head.

1. *Priſon.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

Suff. Firſt let this necke ſtoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,

Saue

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead
To ſuch a Iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him ſpeake?
I long to haue his head for ranſome of mine eye.

Suff. A Swordar and Bandetto ſlaue
Murthered ſweete Tully.
Brutus baſtard hand ſtabd Iulius Cæſar,
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the ſeas.

Exit Suffolke and Water.

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the Queene,
And ranſomleſſe this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets go. *Exit omnes.*

Enter two of the Rebels with long ſtaues.

George. Come away Nicke, and put a long ſtaffe in thy pike, & prouide thy ſelfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two dayes.

Nicke. Then they had more neede to go to bed now,
But ſirra George, what's the matter?

George. Why ſirra, Iack Cade the Dier of Aſhford heere,
He meanes to turne this land, and ſet a new nap on't.

Nicke. I marry he had need ſo, for tis growne thred-bare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, ſince theſe Gentlemen came vp.

George. I warrant thee thou ſhalt neuer ſee a Lord weare a leather apron now a-daies.

Nicke. But ſirra, who comes elſe beſide Iacke Cade?

George. Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould haue your Parnill, & a great fort more is come from Rocheſter, and from Maidſtone & Canterbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we muſt be al Lords or Squires, aſſoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry, and the reſt with long ſtaues.